

STRANGE NOTES





CAPT. WHO?

-or Who Farted? with Horatio Sturmer.

I'm reminded of my ex-ol' lady, as I listen to a decadent underground college radio station, while I drive through Big Sur in a borrowed primed gray BMW road monster. Motorhead, it was her favorite band. 'Ace of Spades' it was. She used to call me at the factory, usually right when I was in the middle of some high-risk missle project, or worse yet, some new kiddie toy development. "Yeah. What?", I would always say. "Guess what I'm doing", she'd say. I knew exactly what she was tryin' to do, but exactly what she was doin' at the moment, at the other end of the telephone cord was always some kind of erotic mystery that sent lightning bolts from the sweaty crack of my butt, right up into base of my tired, diluted brain. "I give up honey. What are you doing?" I'd say eventually after a couple of swallows and a moist swipe across my forehead. "Well, honey", she'd begin, then I knew I was in for it. "I just got out of the shower. Of course, I didn't towel off. Now I'm standin in the kitchen, naked and dripping wet. I'm fixin' to peel you some potatoes for dinner. How do you like that?" Well, she knew how much I liked that. I Liked it just fine. Her, naked in the kitchen, peel'n me some potatoes for my dinner, while listening to Motorhead. Whatever

happened to that little hellion, I don't know. Heard she ran off with some kinda unemployed freak architect who is just no damned good for her. Too bad, she was a good one. A few quirks here and there, but who ain't got those?. Anyway, she's pretty much the cause of me drivin' trecherous roads at high speeds like I'm doin' now. I miss that; little fallen angel, twisted as she may have been, I thinks she had a beautiful core, but that's all over now. Water under the bridge. Enough of that shit. By the way, "Morissey sucks". I just wanted to say that. I remember the first time my hormones started to bust loose. It was on the way back from Mexicali, in the back of a station wagon, in the middle of one of the hottest summers in California history. I was 13. Me and the neighbor girl, she was 18, but looked 19, were lyin' side by side in the back while our parents drove. She fell asleep and....but hey, that's another story. What I wanna tell y'all is some downright interesting shit. This here is the celebratory issue number 22 of Strange Notes and it's packed full of some wild shit. We got you the flippity edges, some dastardly interviews and some this and that. Now what about this Perot guy? What is that, a French name? Ain't he from Texas? Something's wrong here. Anyway, I here tell, this Perot fella, the millionaire or whatever he is, was in the U.S. Navy. An officer in the U.S. Navy. That is, until he got all upset when he was overseas.

front page photo of jaya behind the big 22 was taken by noah. this shot here of longboard surfing ace joel tugor at derby was shot by the m.fo

The road to hell is paved with good intentions. It seems that his fellow seamen, swore a little too much, y'know, takin' the Lords name in vain. He didn't like that. I guess he never heard of swarthy cussin' sailors before. I thought cussin' comes with the territory. Also, he couldn't stand to know that some of his fellow officers, the married men in specific, took to regularly buyin' prostitutes while in port. Well, when the boys are away, the boys will play, or so they say. Anyway, it seems that all of this sin, in the midst of the military, was just too much for Perot to bear. It's o.k. for the functionaries in the military to kill if need be, but for them to relieve themselves, whichever primiscuous way that they choose, oh that's just evil. So, he got his daddy to get him out of the military. Oh yeah, that's the kind of President we need in this country. Perot wants to concentrate education on the higher level students, and deny slower learners, on the basis that the higher learners will take care of the slower learners anyway in the future. Oh yeah, that's the kind of President we need in this country. If this guy tries hard enough, he could be the next Stalin, or maybe Hitler. But seriously folks, in conclusion I just gotta say, if you are gonna drink and party this summer, I'm not saying you should, but if there's no one there to stop you, just take it easy and do it responsibly. If you are gonna fool around, y'know, have sex.... not that I'm sayin' to go out and do it, but if you are, and you probably will, do it responsibly. If you're gonna vote, y'know, for President, and important issues...study your candidates and the issues, and then vote responsibly. What the hell, just a few tips from your pal, Horatio.

mr. hirata doin' it for the chicks.



CALIGULA

"REMEMBER THAT I have the to do anything to anybody", Caligula once told his grandma whom he later drove to suicide. What a charmer this year-old Roman emperor was. At one banquet he cheered reminded his guests that he could have them all killed if he wanted. Often he would put his arms around his wife or his mistresses and "Off comes this beautiful whenever I give the word." He was with everyone, including his sister and made senators kiss his feet.



levied huge taxes so he could lavish parties and encourage citizens to name him in their wills. Some of that was not unusual. violent decline of the Roman Empire. Caligula's predecessor had, after been smothered to death in his pillow. But Caligula, a tall, thin man with a bald spot, who had been given to seizures and practicing making scary expressions in front of a mirror, broke all bounds and declared himself a god, equal to Jupiter, and replaced the heads of the statues of the gods with his own likeness, though in his brief years as ruler his likeness changed.



SOME PRODUCT

AND... THEY'RE OFF

YES, IT'S OFF TO THE RACES WITH OUR NEW THIN LAMS AND RACING EVERSLICK. BONDEROV, DRESSEN, MOSLEY, KNOX, THOMAS (AS IN CHET), KENDALL, ALL GOT NEW SHAPES LAYED UP IN THE SLICKY RACING FORMAT. SO SLICK, YOU'LL HAVE SCABS ON YOUR BACK. AND FROM SMA, YOUZE CAN KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR LIGHTSPEED EVERSLICK. IT ALSO BE A SUPER SLICKY SLAB OF SLIDEY STUFF. TRY IT AND CRY.

A PICTURE WORTH A THOUSAND...

CLEAN GRAPHITIZED EVERSLICKS WITH REALLY PRETTY PICTURES ON ZEE BOTTOM. SHINE THE SLICK PART, IT'S THE PICTURE THAT MAKES THE MAN (NOT!). IF YOU'RE NOT DOWN [RAP TERM] WITH THE LOGO THING, OR THE NON-GRAPHIC RACING THING. WELL, THEN BUM OUT ON THE AUTHORITY FIGURE WITH SEX AND POLITICS, JAYA AND KNOX, JUST TO NAME A FEW. JAYA TOPLESS, KNOX BUSHITLER, DRESSEN HOLD UP, KENDALL LOUNGE FART, MOSLEY WATERMELLON, (YES SUH!), THOMAS 'WOODY', BRAUCH TOILET, HIRATA MARKED FOR LIFE, BONDEROV SISTERS, DRESSEN PISSED OFF KID, KNOX SPEED KILLS, HIRATA LAST SUPPER, WHALEY COUNTRY SQUIRE, ADAMS...WITH MANY MORE TO COME. PICTURESICKS IS WHAT THEY CALL THEM. SEE 'EM AND CRY.

INDEPENDENT TRUCKS SINCE 1978

WHAT MORE CAN YOU SEE OR SAY ABOUT A TRUCK THAT JUST WON'T QUIT? 146MM, 156MM, 166MM COVERS THE RANGE. TOUCH 'EM AND CRY!

INSTANT ACTION

THE NARROW BEARING BOX SPACING IDEA THAT STARTED OUT AS A MISTAKE HAS TURNED INTO THE BEST IDEA WE EVER CAME UP WITH. PUT YOUR BEARINGS CLOSER TOGETHER, CUT ABOUT 15% OUT OF YOUR WHEEL WEIGHT, MAKE YOUR WHOLE WHEEL SKINNY, AND END UP WITH A BETTER WHEEL. LIGHTER, THINNER AND MORE RESPONSIVE WHEELS. GLAD WE THOUGHT OF IT. CHECK OUT THE NEW CRUZ DOT EGG 47 & 48MM, OJ GENERATOR 42 & 46MM, SMA'S GOT NEW 42MM MUJ PEQUENOS- AND 45 PEQUENOS-, LEFTOVERS 47MM ARE ROUNDISH AND STILL CHEAPISH, AND BULLET 39 PEE SHOOTERS DON'T MAKE ANY SENSE TO US. AS THEY SAY, "KEEP EATING THEM, WE'LL MAKE MORE!" ALSO SCHEME SOME 44 BULLET SLINGSHOTS OR 47 BULLET SQUIRTGUNS. THE ORIGINAL BULLET SHAPE BUT BETTER. FONDUE THEM AND CRY!

NON-RECYCLABLE PLASTIC OZONE KILLERS

PEEL AND STICK EVERSLICK FOR THE ANNOYING LITTLE NOSE, TAIL AND BELLY SPACES THAT INSIST ON GRABBING THE CURB AND MAKING YOU LOOK LIKE AN IDIOT. CUT 'EM WITH SCISSORS TO FIT THE SHAPE THIS WEEK. ALSO THIN THIN CELLBLOCK ONE HALVES (1/2 THE SIZE OF A CELLBLOCK ONE) FOR THOSE OF US WHO CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT WITHOUT SOMETHING BETWEEN OUR BASEPLATE AND DECK. REALLY THIN. SORT OF USELESS. MOUNT THEM AND CRY.

KRUX VERBAGE

JUST NEED TO SAY ONE THING. NON MOVING AXLE. KRUX AXLES DON'T SLIP, SLIDE, MOVE, WIGGLE, SPIN, DRIFT OR SHIFT! THEY DON'T GO ANYWHERE. NO LITTLE...TAP-TAP-TAP AFTER EVERY MISSED TRICK. YOU'RE WHEELS JUST SPIN. NOT TO MENTION THE 10 BILLION OTHER GOOD THINGS ABOUT KRUX'S, BUT WE WILL JUST COVER ONE - NO WIGGLY AXLES. NEXT! CRY.

BODY BAGS

NEW TEE SHIRT RAPID FIRE. MATCH THE SKATER TO IT: HOCKEY MASK, LOUNGE FART, BUSHITLER, MELON EATER, SPEEDY, MARKED FOR LIFE, INDEPENDENT 'NEW' BAR, BTG, KRUX, E/S RACING, , AND OOOOOOH! BONDAGE GIRL, CAN'T DO THAT ONE IT MIGHT BUM SOMEONE OUT. ALL TEE'S IN L, XL, XXL, S/S AND SOME LONGSLEEVE, EMBROIDERED TEES FROM SCS, INDY AND SMA, HATS FROM THEM TOO AND ALSO KRUX AND SPEEDY WHEELS GUY AND BEANIES FROM THEM TOO! WEAR THEM AND CRY!

CLOTHING CRISIS

BIG. BRENT SIZE. ONE SIZE FITS BRENT. XX-LARGE YOU KNOW? IF YOU KNEW BRENT, YOU WOULD SEE THE LIGHT. BRENT'S A BRO WHO LIVES LIFE IN A BIG WAY. SO WE MADE OUR STUFF HIS SIZE. BRENT'S SIZE IS DOUBLE EXTRA LARGE, OR XXL TO YOU PERFECTIONESSS. SCOPE THE YARDAGE IN OUR CORD SHORTS Y PANTS, FIVE POCKET JEANS IN THE SHORTY AND LONG VARIETIES, AND THE PAINTER TYPE LIL' MISTER SHORTS DESIGNED BY ERIC D. HIZSELF. ALL TOUGH, ALL BURLY, ALL BAGGY IN BRENT SIZE. LOOK FOR BRENT'S BIG BROTHER SIZE MAYBE.

STRANGE NOTES AVAILABLE AT:

CALIFORNIA

AN JOSE SKATEPARK
SESSIONS-SUNNYVALE
OT SKATES-ORANGE
KB UNDERGROUND-MORENO VALLEY
RETT'S FOR SPORTS-WOODLAND

ECKER SURF-MISSION VIEJO
KB & HOBBIES-ROSEVILLE

ON'S TOYS- GLENDALE
ON'S TOYS- ARCADIA
AL SURF-NORTH HOLLYWOOD

URF & SKATE-FAIR OAKS
PIPELINE SKATE-UPLAND
WHEELS AND WAVES-FREMONT

T SURF-HERMOSA BEACH
KATES ON HAIGHT-SAN FRANCISCO

CD SKATE-SAN JOSE & SANTA CRUZ
CENTRAL COAST SURFBOARDS-SAN LUIS OBISPO

BILL WHEELS-WATSONVILLE & SALINAS
THE BOARDWALK-LAKE ARROWHEAD
SUN 'n' SURF-BAKERSFIELD

PORTOLA SURF SHOP-SANTA CRUZ
A SKATERS PARADISE-SANTA BARBARA

CANYON SURF SHOP-SAN DIEGO
DAVES SKATES-VENTURA

FRESNO CUSTOM SURF-VISALIA
HUMBOLDT SURF SHOP-ARCATA

SURF N SKATE-FAIRBANKS
NEWPORT SURF & SPORT-NEWPORT BEACH

SPORTS OASIS-RIDGECREST
SURF N SKATE-SACRAMENTO

SURF N SKATE-STOCKTON
FIVE POINTS SURF-VENTURA

COLORADO

B.C. SURFN' SPORT-BOULDER

MASS.

EASTERN BOARDER-FITCHBURG

WASHINGTON

LOONYTOONS-KIRKLAND

TEXAS

MD SURF SHOP-CORPUS CHRISTI

SKATE CITY-EL PASO

NEVADA

WORLD OF TOYS-WINNEMUCA

WORLD OF TOYS-RENDO

WORLD OF TOYS-ELKO

THRILLS ON WHEELS-LAS VEGAS

OHIO

DAV'S CARDS & COMICS-N. OLMSTED

M & J SKATE TOWN-ONTARIO

SKATERS SPORT SHOP-CALGARY

ARIZONA

DOWN UNDER SPORTS-TUCSON

PANTS MAN-PHOENIX

VAN'S CALIFORNIA DAZE-GLENDALE

SIDEWALK SURFER-SCOTTSDALE

WASHINGTON

FALLOUT RECORDS & SKATEBOARDS-SEATTLE

SOUTH DAKOTA

KNECHT'S HOME CENTER-RAPID CITY

OREGON

BOARDS LOARDS-CORVALLIS

VIRGINIA

17TH STREET-VIRGINIA BEACH

INDIANAPOLIS

GET WET-FORT WAYNE-EVANSVILLE

drastically as his excesses left him fat and hollow-eyed. Not surprisingly there developed plots against his life. When he discovered one such conspiracy he ordered that his victims be killed "by numerous slight wounds, so that they may feel that they are dying." Another plot emanated from the emperor's own palace. Caligula was protected by a personal police force called the Praetorian Guard. One of the guards, Cassius Chaerea, was responsible for getting the daily password from the emperor. Caligula delighted in embarrassing



and insulting Chaerea by giving him obscene words. The guard struck back on the last day of the Palatine Games in the fourth year of the emperor's reign. The stage of the theater was covered with blood, as Caligula had performed a human sacrifice as part of the ceremony and two plays, a tragedy and a farce, both called for lots of blood. At the lunch recess Caligula left the theater and walked through a secret underground corridor toward the palace to bathe. In the passageway he was met by Chaerea, who with two other guards stabbed the emperor to death.

pierre delay cum junkies on the loose.



SMA

TIM BRAUCH



Epitome of a nose blunt slide while maxin' out a Derby session. PH: C. Kardas

INTERVIEW BY BAIJ SAHOTA

TELL ME ABOUT YOUR DAD.

My dad, he's an active father. He likes to participate in a lot of sports.

WHICH ONES? Anything from rock climbing to windsurfing, to sailing.

HOW ABOUT YOUR MOM?

She's not as outgoing as my dad, but, she likes to try a lot of new things. She likes to camp, and she likes to do a lot of outdoor sports, such as bicycling.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SAY

ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR SISTER? Umh...she's a cool sister.

We get along really well, so we have a good relationship. We have a lot of fun.

SOUNDS LIKE A PERFECT FAMILY. At times.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR DIMENSIONS ARE?

Not memorized, but I did at one time though.

WHAT IS YOUR SET UP?

A nice shape, really good, with ground down Independent Trucks and 45mm wheels. That's a perfect set up.

WHAT KIND OF WHEELS?

I ride Pequenos.

WHEN YOU FIRST BEGAN SKATEBOARDING, WERE YOU KIND OF GOING THROUGH AN EXPERIMENTAL PHASE WITH IT, OR DID YOU INSTANTLY LIKE IT?

It was experimental at first, but once I started learning it and learned a few tricks, I began to like it; I was into it. I knew I was going to be into it for a long time.

WHAT DO YOU THINK MADE YOU WANT TO LEARN THOSE TRICKS? WAS IT A WAY TO MAKE YOUR

TRANSPORTATION FUNNER? It was more for self achievement. Something like a goal to look forward to, thinking of new tricks. There are so many possibilities, to think of something new and learn it.

IS THERE ANYONE OUT THERE THAT YOU ADMIRE, ANY

SKATEBOARDERS, OR ANYONE? I don't have a particular favorite skater. There are so many skateboarders, and I like all of their style. There are different people everywhere I go, and I like some of the tricks that each of them do. There are a few people that I don't like to watch skate. They go slow, or they just do the same tricks over and over again. I don't have a particular person at all. I could name off hundreds of names.

KARINA WANTED THIS QUESTION ASKED: WHY IS IT THAT YOU CAN NEVER MAKE UP YOUR MIND? WHY ARE YOU SO IRRESOLUTE?

I think that it is good that way, kind of, because you never have anything planned. It's all done at the spur of the moment. I guess it is because I like to do so many things, so I can't really decide which one I want to do. It just takes me awhile to make up my mind.

HAVE YOU EVER DONE ANYTHING ILLEGAL? Well, let's not talk about that.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

I live in San Jose, California, on Dawnview Ct. It's a small Court. Nothing really happens

there. Just a few robberies and people trying to bash in my door.

IS THAT WHERE YOU LIVED ALL OF YOUR LIFE? Since kindergarten, but before that we lived in Milpitas. But I don't really remember.

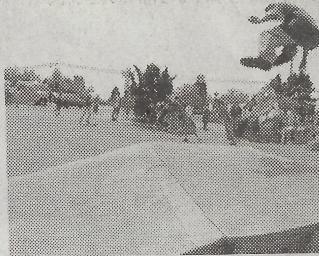
YOU DON'T EVEN REMEMBER BEING BORN?

No. I'm kind glad that I don't remember. It's sick. I don't even like watching those videos in Physiology. They're sick.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUR HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS, OR HIGH

SCHOOL IN GENERAL? Well, I don't know. I really don't like any of them.

YOU'VE NEVER LIKED ANY OF THEM? I've had some really good teachers. But, it seems to get boring at the end. The teachers can't help you anymore because you know more than them in some cases. Some of them should be in retirement homes.



Roman at first hesitated to react at the news of Caligula's death, fearing it was another of his plots to smoke out his enemies. Only after his assassins and their supporters killed Caligula's wife and beat his daughter to death against a wall did the city celebrate.

ELVIS PRESLEY

THE ONLY THING remarkable about the death of Elvis Presley is that it didn't seem to slow up his career at all. What with repackaged collections of his hit songs, tours of Grace Kelly's Elvis conventions and club meet-

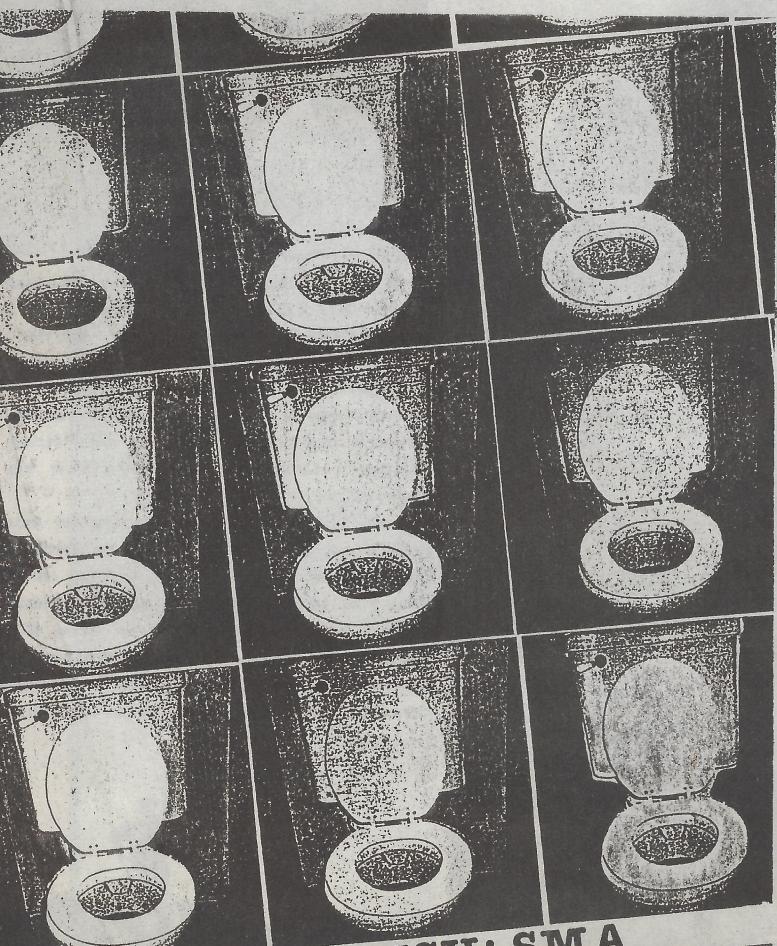


and paraphernalia like ashtrays, combs, "Elvis Inc." makes more money after he died than some of the superstars who were alive when he was alive. It probably makes much of an exaggeration to say that of all the superstars who have died since Elvis's death, the when and how made the least difference to the legend.

After all, his leading edge in rock and roll was dulled almost twenty years before, when he was drafted in 1960. But his following was so fanatical when a sagging "Elvis the Pelican" labored his way through the same concerts in the 1970's doped on dozens of pills, way overweight,



Tim hovering in an offshore wind at Derby. PH: C. Kardas



TIM BRAUCH: SMA

LORENZO SE DUBOIS

Aries

(March 21 - April 19)

Money is in short supply. Over-bearing loudmouth from another generation solves your problem, and expects a tangible reward. Give them something they will never forget.

Taurus

(April 20 - May 20)

Over-bearing loudmouth from another generation is playing that same old broken record again. Advice well taken will pay off at the box office. Lover gives piece.....of mind that is.

Gemini

(May 21 - June 21)

You own the streets and it is time to shred. Road trip adds new meaning to slamming. Friend teaches you a trick that you thought you would never learn. Cancer (June 21 - July 22) You are in the spotlight. You may be able to bullshit your way into a moneymaking opportunity, with good things to follow.

Mail that letter.

Leo

(July 23 - Aug. 22)

Your brain misfires and you almost lose your ass. Your board is not made to take the punishment you dish out. Compromise with the enemy.

Virgo

(Aug. 23 - Sept. 22)

You had better recheck the distance before attempting that trick. Flexibility is what you are looking for. Lover is ready to listen to lies, so somebody had better tell them the truth.

Libra

(Sept. 23 - Oct. 22)

Pay up. The new kids in town offer good advice. Lover thinks you are dinking the neighbors dog. Show them what's the real deal.

Scorpio

(Oct. 23 - Nov. 21)

School days are over for now, the summer's tune'n up. Enjoy. Try to reach a new understanding with overbearing loudmouth from another generation.

Sagittarius

(Nov. 22 - Dec. 21)

Seek the experts advice when purchasing that new board. You're never too you to get life insurance. You can get it free at Planned Parenthood offices. A kind word soothes the savage beast.

Capricorn

(Dec. 22 - Jan. 19)

You may have no more excuses, and may be forced to get a real job. Hold firm to your methods, tried and true. Pleasure is in your mind.

Aquarius

(Jan. 20 - Feb. 18)

You find the slick bottom of your dreams. Can you handle it? Are you worthy? You have done enough practicing. Now let's do it for real.

Pisces

(Feb 19 - March 20)

Sometimes it is wiser just to stick it and roll a way backwards. The recession has you regressing. Lover puts a new spin on your smokies.

dressen - pissed off kid



eight
one
nine
productions

The Diesel Queens

The Faction

The Odd Numbers

CAJONES DIATRIBE

The Bone- Shavers

The Spit Muffins

Queens Numbers e ction Kerplunk! **SHOVELHEAD** **HEMI** **ROCKO**

The Faction Kerplunk! SHOVELHEAD

dripping with sequins and sweat, didn't care. Hell, when he complained of stomach pains during one concert, fans in the front rows waved anti-acid for him to swallow. Even after a press turned against him, roasting his concerts and publishing photographs of the 250-pound performer buried out of his white, goldstudded jumpsuit, his shows still regularly packed out before he hit the road.

On August 16, 1977, Elvis scheduled to leave for another out tour of the East Coast. At 1 the night before, his dentist paid a visit at Graceland in Memphis.



filled two cavities. At 4 A.M., because of his insomnia and because of his years of addiction to prescription medications confused his system, Elvis woke a couple of friends and played racquetball. About 6 A.M. he returned with his fiancee, Ginger Alden. She was asleep, but Elvis swallowed another round of pills, put on his pajamas and took a book to read in his Custom chair in his lavish bathroom. When Alden woke up at 2 P.M. she found the 42-year-old singer slumped into a fetal position on the floor, where he had fallen out of his chair. Neither Graceland aides nor the hospital could revive him.





CHE THOMAS

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL

CHE THOMAS IS 18 YEARS OLD AND HE NO LONGER RIDES FOR NEW SCHOOL. HE IS NOW SUPPORTING, AND BEING SUPPORTED BY SANTA CRUZ. THE PEOPLES AT NHS ARE REALLY AMPED TO HAVE CHET ABOARD. CHET DWELLS IN HUNTINGTON BEACH. HE IS QUITE THE MUTANT ON ALL TERRAINS. THE FOLLOWING TRANSMISSION WAS CONDUCTED IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. MAYBE THIS INTERVIEW WILL GIVE YOU SOME IDEA WHY CHET BREATHES.

WHERE DO YOU RIDE MOST? TRANSITIONS SKATEPARK, ERIC'S RAMP, HUNTINGTON NATIONAL BANK, TACO BELL CURBS. WHAT ARE SOME OF THE TRICKS YOU ARE WORKING ON? ON A 6 FT RAMP, HALF CAB SHOVIT LATE KICK FLIP TO RAIL, FAKIE. FRONTSIDE NOSEBLUNT TO RAIL REVERT. ONE THAT I'VE COME CLOSE ON, BUT I HAVEN'T MADE YET IS A BACKSIDE PRESSURE FLIP TO NOSE BASH REVERT. I LEARNED FRONTSIDE OLLIE OOP OLLIE, LATE SHOVE IT TO DISASTER. HOW ABOUT ON STREET? 360 PRESSURE

FLIPS - BACKSIDE, OLLIE NOSESIDE TO BACK KICKFLIP OUT, BIG SPIN LATE KICKFLIPS OFF LOADING DOCKS. FRONTSIDE CABALLERIAL TO HEEL FLIP. IS THAT OVER A HIPT NO, THAT'S FLATLANDS. WHAT'S YOUR SETUP LIKE? INDY 156'S, 47 OJ'S. MY SHAPE, THE ONE I'M RIDING RIGHT NOW IS A WOOD MODEL. NO RISERS. MUSIC? IT'S KIND OF A LONG RANGE. ZEPPLIN, STEELE PULSE, BOB MARLEY, EEEK A MOUSE, SLAYER AND FUGAZI. WHAT'S THE BEST SHOW YOU'VE EVER SEEN? BEASTIE BOYS. NO, WAIT. IT'S SLAYER. IT WAS GENERAL ADMISSION. HUGE PITS ROLLING EVERYWHERE. WHAT DO YOU THINK IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU WHEN YOU DIE? I GO TO HEAVEN, THAT'S FOR SURE. EXPLAIN IT. EVERY-THING PEACEFUL, NO SHIT-TALKERS, NO RUMORS, MEETING WITH RELATIVES. WHO'S DOING THINGS IN SKATEBOARDING THAT MOTIVATE YOU? ERIC KOSTEN. HE'S FROM SAN DIEGO. JUST THE TRICKS HE DOES MAKES ME WANT TO LEARN THEM. BUT IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE. HE DOES NOSE BLUNT SLIDE TO KICK FLIPS OVER WALLS. WILLY SANTOS IS RAD. HE'S ALWAYS ON TOP OF ALL OF THE LATEST TECHNICAL STREET TRICKS. WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING LATELY BESIDES SKATEBOARDING? I STARTED SURFING AGAIN LATELY, THE WATER'S STARTING TO WARM UP. BASICALLY, I'M HANGING OUT WAITING TO FINISH HIGH SCHOOL.

WHAT'S AFTER THAT? TAKE A YEAR OFF, TRAVEL, SKATE EVERYWHERE. THEN I'LL GO TO A COMMUNITY COLLEGE AND TAKE SOME CLASSES. MOVIES? BASIC INSTINCT IS MY ALL TIME FAVORITE. BOOK? THE TIME MACHINE, BY H. G. WELLS. FOOD? PIZZA, ICE CREAM, HUCKLEBERRY SANDWICHES, SPAGHETTI AND EVERY TYPE OF JUNK FOOD. DO YOU BELIEVE IN AMERICA? THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION. YEAH, I BELIEVE IN AMERICA, EVERYTHING HAS IT'S FAULTS. WHO DO YOU SKATE WITH? DUSTIN, ERIC, STEVE BLACK, WESTLEY, JIMMY, DAVEY. DO YOU HAVE A GIRLFRIEND? YEAH, HER NAME IS PEPPER MORRISON, SHE'S 17. I HANG OUT WITH HER ALOT. DO YOU HAVE ANY GUNS? I HAVE A B.B. GUN. I HAVEN'T USED IT IN YEARS. HAVE YOU EVER SHOT ANYONE? I THINK I SHOT DARREN. (CHET'S BROTHER) HE PISSED ME OFF. WHERE DO YOU SEE SKATEBOARDING GOING? THE WAY IT'S GOING NOW, IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TOWARDS FREESTYLE. I'D LIKE TO SEE IT GO BACK TOWARDS RAMPS. WHAT ABOUT THE EVOLUTION OF WHEELS AND BOARDS? I DON'T THINK WHEELS ARE GONNA GET MUCH SMALLER. I THINK 47 ARE PERFECT. 44 ARE TOO SMALL, AND ANYTHING OVER 50 IS TOO BIG. I DON'T THINK BOARDS ARE GONNA GET MUCH SMALLER. HOW WIDE IS YOUR BOARD? 8 7/8. THE TAIL IS 6 1/4, 6

3/16 INCH NOSE. 6 3/4 IS TOO SMALL FOR NOSE BLUNT STUFF, 7 IS TOO BIG FOR STREET SKATING IN PROPORTION. HOW LONG TILL YOU THINK PEOPLE WILL BE RIDING BOTH WAYS, NOT GOOFY OR REGULAR FOOT? IT'S GETTING PRETTY CLOSE. MAYBE A YEAR AND A HALF, OR TWO YEARS. WHERE'S THE BEST PLACE YOU EVER SKATED? THE POWELL WAREHOUSE, THE STREET COURSE IS GOOD THE MINI RAMP IS PERFECT. PIONEER BANK IN SAN BERNADINO, ALL IT IS, IS A HIP. BRIEF HISTORY OF SPONSORSHIP. FOUR AND A HALF YEARS AGO I GOT PICKED UP BY POWELL. I ALSO GOT ON TRACKER, QUICKSILVER AND VANS. DID ALL OF THAT HAPPEN AT THE SAME TIME? IT ALL HAPPENED WITHIN SIX MONTHS OF ME GETTING ON POWELL. ABOUT A YEAR AND A HALF AGO I GOT SPONSORED BY HOT SKATES, IN ORANGE. THEY FLOWED ME HARDWARE AND PADS. LAST AUGUST, I WENT TO PUBLIC. WHY DID YOU GO TO PUB-LIC? I WAS READY TO GO PRO. THERE WAS ME, FRANK HIRATA, PAT BRENNAN AND CHRIS SENN WAITING TO TURN PRO, BUT THERE WASN'T ANY ROOM, BECAUSE OF MCGILL, HAWK, BARBEE, UNDERHILL, SAIZ, CAB-ALLERO AND MOUNTAIN. SO I WENT TO PUBLIC. IN SEPTEMBER I STARTED RIDING FOR INDY. APRIL 14TH I SIGNED TO NHS (SANTA CRUZ). I LEFT PUBLIC BECAUSE NOTHING WAS HAPPENING. IT HAD GONE STALE. WHY DID YOU CHOSE SANTA CRUZ. 'CAUSE I WANTED TO GO WITH SOMEONE WHO HAD A SOLID BACKGROUND. SOMEONE WHO KNEW HOW TO RUN THINGS. BECAUSE SANTA CRUZ HAS QUALITY SKATEBOARDS, AND THEY CAN SELL THEM. IF YOU COULD HAVE ANYTHING IN THE WORLD, WHAT WOULD IT BE? ENOUGH MONEY TO BE SET FOR LIFE. DO YOU REALLY THINK MONEY IS GONNA BE AROUND THAT LONG? I'M NOT SURE.

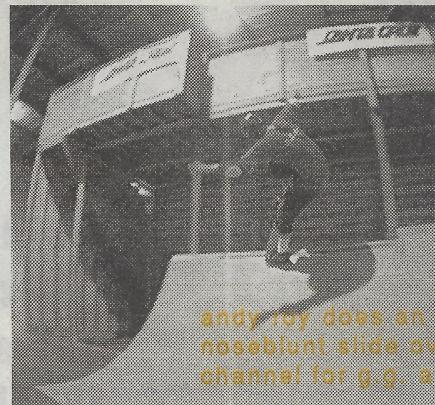


xeno



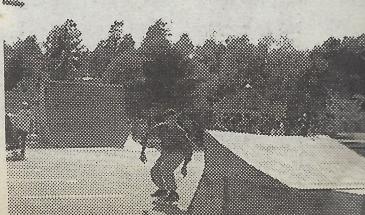
JAMES DEAN

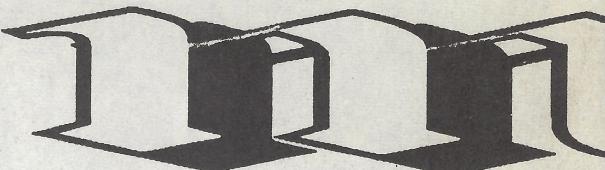
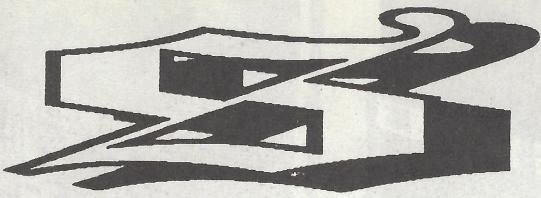
ACTOR MARTIN SHEEN says James Dean, 'There were only people in the fifties: Elvis Presley changed the music, and James who changed our lives.' It's an amazing assessment, considering Dean died midway through the decade. In fact, he was in Hollywood less than two years and made only ten movies, two of which *Rebel Without a Cause* and *Giant* had yet to be released when he died. The car that killed him rated only four paragraphs on an inside page of



andy ray does an noseblunt slide on a channel for g.g. sk

New York Times. But the West Coast newspapers knew better. Their front-page banner headlines above a picture of his crumpled Porsche was more attention than Dean had ever gotten when he was alive. But it was merely a hint of the legend that would unfettered by the bounds of a human subject. "You haven't Heard the Half About James Dean," *Look* magazine said. *Natalie Wood* and *"Here Is the Story of My Life by James Dean"* might have told it to Joe Arpaio. There were two of the early postmortem stories in the movie magazines. The 24-year-old Dean achieved immortality a few days after he completed filming *Giant*, a sweeping epic that, rising star that he was, matched him with Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson. Dean had taken

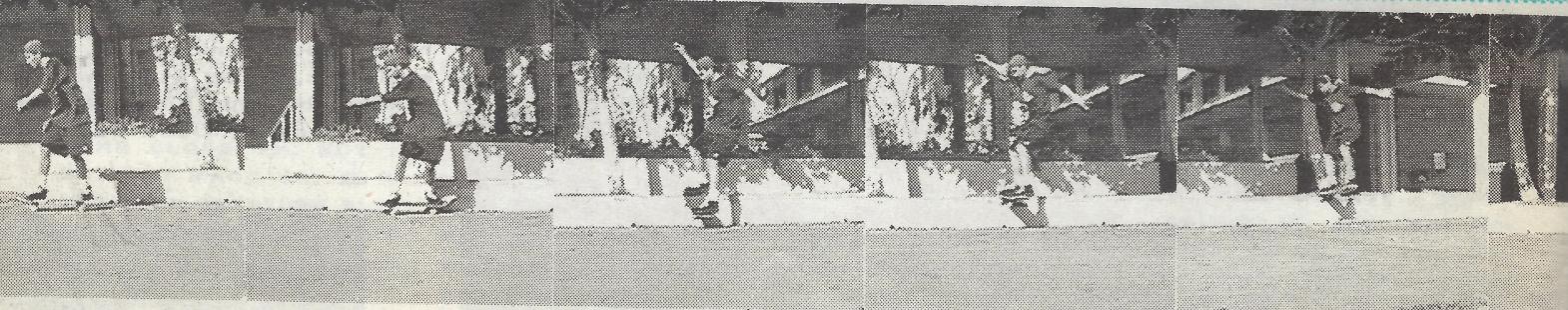




Wellp, we've got a whole new pack of SMA riders, and along with 'em, new decks, stickers, tee's and CRAP. Sound good? O.K.! So, you're gonna wanna keep a look out for a new TIM BRAUCH [pronounced *bra-sh*, not *brok*] board. At Encinitas, in his first pro contest, he qualified first and took fifth. Not bad, huh?

Keep an eye out for the tall guy, RON WHALEYS' new deck. It should be out by the time you read this mag. Also, be ready to grab a copy of the NEW SMA VIDEO! COMING SOON!.....or at least by the end of the year.

So, what about FRANK HIRATA? He made





the right switch. The switch to SMA. You'll be seein' a new picture slick, as well as a new wood deck from him soon.

And last but not least, DAVE LEROUX. Dave's been ruling harder than ever, doin' shit like tail grab 540's, smackin' his tail on the way in, and every crazy switch stance trick you can think of.

That should just about round it out for the new guy, new stuff, new info page. Thanks to every one who rides SMA. Write and tell us what you want to see. 4401 Soquel Dr. Soquel, Calif. 95073 Thanks R.P.

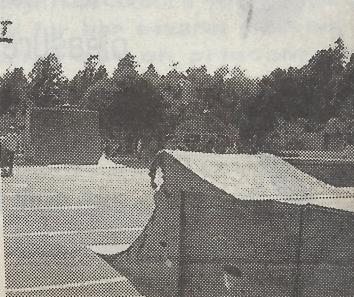
victor franco long noseslides from the satan boy.



interest in race-car driving, Warner Brothers had forbidden him to race during the filming. On a Friday the day after a party celebrating the completion of the movie, Dean and some of the film's stunt men headed to a weekend racing event. Dean was driving his new gray Porsche that he had bought for \$7,000 a few days before. The car was capable of over 150 miles per hour, and Dean named it "The Little Bastard." About 30 minutes after the race ended, that afternoon Dean got a speed ticket outside of Bakersfield, California. A little over two hours



later, as he was driving west on a rural two-lane highway, Dean was driving an eastbound car slowing down at an intersection, apparently to turn right across the highway. "That guy was about to stop," Dean told his companion. "He'll see us." But Dean's Porsche blended into the scene in the afternoon twilight. The impact of the collision opened the hood and trunk on the front of the sports car and crushed the front side of the car. Dean died immediately; his passenger was thrown from the convertible and was seriously injured. The driver of the other car, a 23-year-old college student, received minor injuries. One of those classic ironies, Dean had just filmed a commercial for safe driving while on the set of *Giant*. "People



ENTERTAINMENT



m.to

Back in the Fifties scientists first put an electrode deep into the pleasure sensing area of the human brain. At the flick of a switch the electrode would shock an area located in the most primitive part of the brain, and the subject would feel rushes of an intense euphoria, the kind of euphoria associated with heroin, alcohol and sex. The scientists, so pleased with their discovery, wired up a rat in the same manner and devised a method to test the power of the feelings that the electrode produced. Two small foot pedals separated by an electrified grid were placed at either end of a small narrow cage. The rat with his own electrode planted deep in his brain would feel the intense pleasure when he pushed one of the tiny foot pedals. The scientists determined how long the rat could go on pushing the pedal, before the action would not produce the pleasurable result. The rat was then faced with the dilemma of crossing the electrically charged grid to reach the opposite pedal and hope his brain would tingle like it did before. The scientist increased the voltage on the electrical grid each time the rat was compelled to scurry across it. The rat withstood voltages that caused paramount damage to its body, often resulting in death.

The rat was more willing to subject itself to more pain for the sake of pleasure than for food.

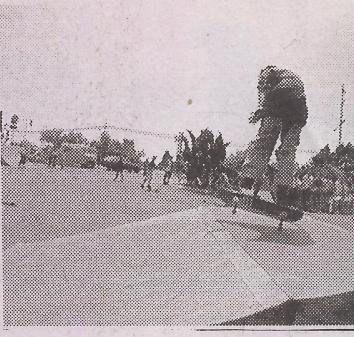
So, what does that have to do with skateboarding, you may well be wondering? Just think about it the next time you skip lunch to go skate, or eat shit trying to learn a new trick.

HOTWAX



jason adams - lady liberty

that racing is dangerous, but I'll my chances on the track any day on the highway. Take it easy driving the life you might save might be you know?"



CLEOPATRA

69 B.C.-30 B.C.

LEGEND HAS IT that Cleopatra was beautiful, but there is no real record of even an authentic statue. Legend has it that the original femme fatale killed herself with the bite of a poisonous asp, but that too was disproved. What is certain is that Egypt's last queen knew how to get her man. As Julius Caesar led his Roman troops into Egypt, the 20-year-old Queen captured the 54-year-old ruler with



charm and bore him a son. After Caesar was murdered in the Senate, Cleopatra took up with the virile Mark Antony, whom she was betting on to replace Caesar and make her Queen of the Roman Empire. Of course it didn't work out that way. She bore him twins, but four years later they were married in 31 B.C. Antony was defeated by Octavian and was forced to flee out of Rome with Cleopatra. Back in Alexandria, the Queen took care of herself. She had already built a marble mausoleum near the palace. As Octavian approached to complete his empire, Cleopatra had her treasures, jewels, ivory furniture, and rare skins moved into the secure vault. Her death prepared for her several poisons, which were tried out on prisoners in





Gershon Mosley
Totally live and
Bustin' absolutely.

kobata.

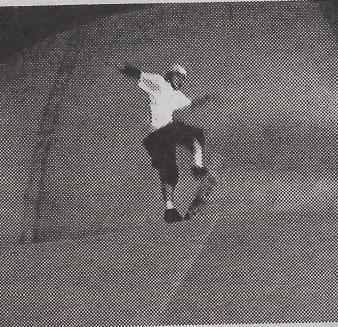
^ G E F A L L E N = B R Ü D E R ^

Are you a pear tree, or a beach tree.
A birch grove, a little ivy leaf?
I am looking for you, my brother, and I am
looking for the thing
into which God has changed you.
Is your soul bound to a form?
Is it a living one or inanimate?
I will love it as I have found it.
And even in stone, it is familiar to me.
Is it a blade of grass, a lilac bloom?
I will ask the sun to make
Completely golden with his fire.
Each being which resembles yours,
I will have compassion on the little beetle.
That struggles upwards out of your grave,
I will embrace the wood and sand on it.
I will bless the bird that sings above it.
But if you are a thought and if, thinking it
I might transcend earthly limits.
Then I want to immerse myself in it so
deeply
That I find you again in the Godhead.

**TO ALL OF OUR KAMMERADES LOST IN BATTLE
MAY WE MEET AGAIN IN VALHALLA**

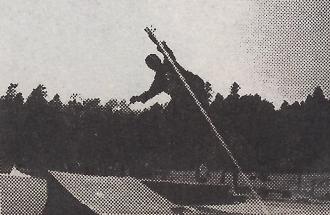


presence. The Queen was not satisfied as some potions seemed to cause much pain and others set off convulsions. Meanwhile, Octavian Antony fought one last battle outside Alexandria. When Cleopatra's husband lost he returned to the palace, rejoicing wildly at his defeat and at reports Cleopatra had secretly tried to make a separate peace with Octavian. To preserve her throne in Egypt Cleopatra fled to her mausoleum and had word sent to Antony that she



dead. Distraught, Antony plunged his sword into his stomach. He died and was taken to Cleopatra's mausoleum, where he passed away in her arms. Just as Cleopatra was about to stab herself, Octavian's troops came in and stopped her. She was a prisoner in her tomb. After several days Cleopatra visited Antony's tomb. She returned her attendants to her, painted her with beautiful makeup and dressed her in a white silken robe embroidered with pearls. The Queen then wrote a message to Octavian asking to be buried with Antony. Octavian received the letter he came to the mausoleum, only to find Cleopatra lying regally on her bed. Her two attendants also lay dead on the floor. What killed the Queen was never determined. Some said she carried a dose of poison in a hair ornament.

b-side andy one-
eighty roy over
the fat gap.



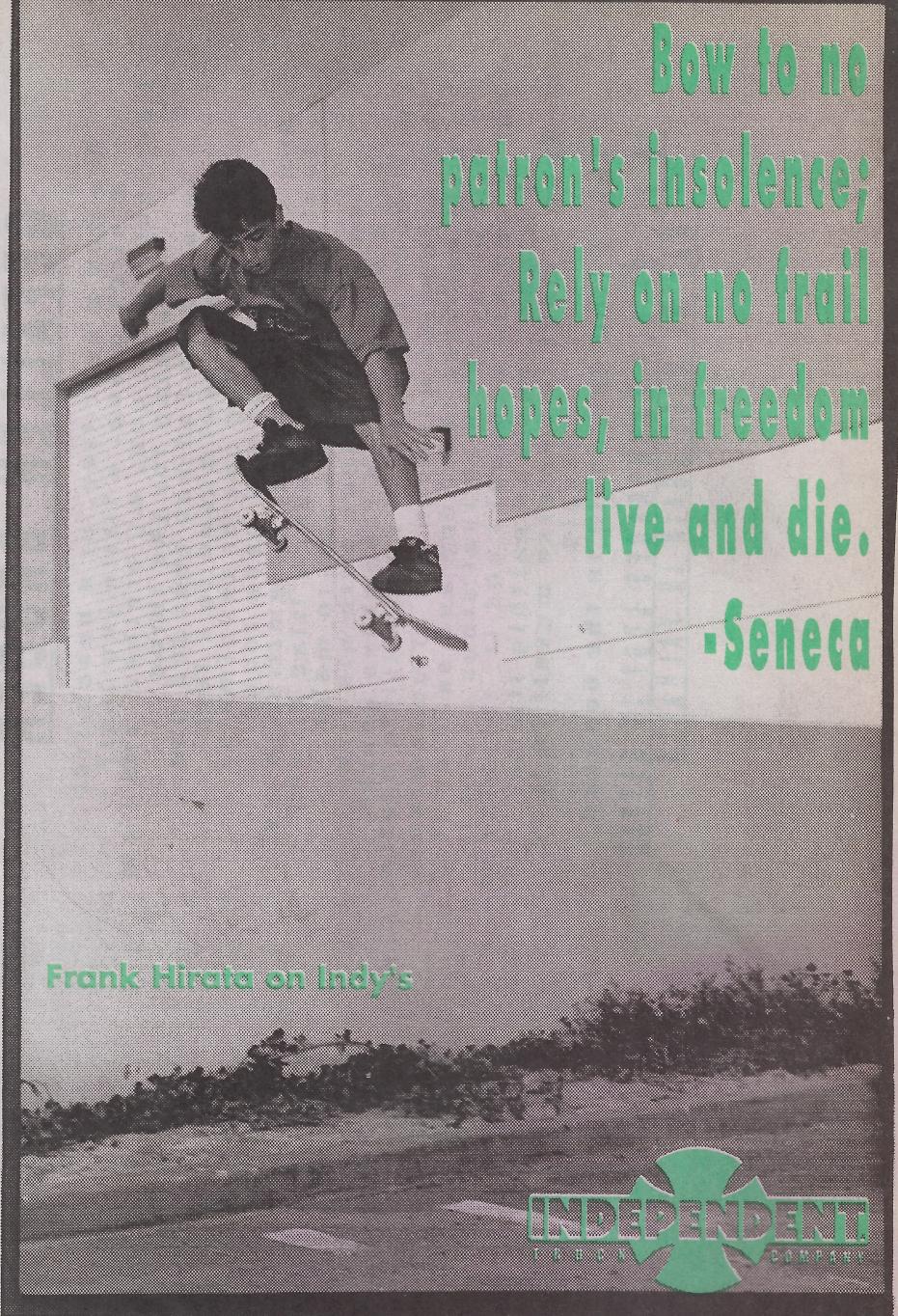
Ron Whaley

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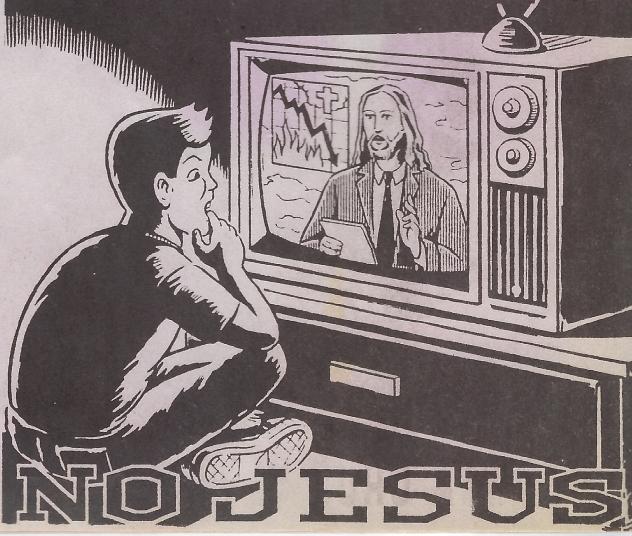


Frank Hirata on Indy's

INDEPENDENT
SKATEBOARDS
COMPANY

swift

H E M I





"What's this? Hey, this is somethin'. I'm gonna



put this sucker on right friggin' now! Now this is



a size that I can live with! There's even a little



extra room in here for lunch, or maybe more!"

SANTA CRUZ CLOTHING. ONE SIZE FITS BRENT.

big spin to nose blunt from the whaleys bird.



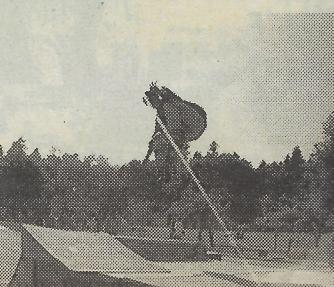
Others said a basketful of figs, delivered that morning, hid a poisonous asp which would have caused instant death. In fact, two small marks were discovered on Cleopatra's left arm, but no asp was ever found in the sealed mausoleum. And that's how legends get started.

MONTGOMERY CLIFT

October 17, 1920-July 23, 1966
IF YOU DIE at the height of your fame, you can achieve immortality. If you live long enough for your fame to



fade, you are forgotten. Montgomery Clift belongs in the latter category. In the early 1950s his moody, sensitive performances in *A Place in the Sun* and *From Here to Eternity* made him a major heartthrob. More than that, he added an introspective, psychological dimension to the roles which made him the idol of men who would become the most popular actors of the decade, Marlon Brando and James Dean. But by the time Clift died a little over a decade later, his obituary wasn't front-page news. And unlike other ill-fated stars of the decade, such as James Dean and Marilyn Monroe, the two years since Clift's death have produced only three or four biographies of his life. Clint Eastwood had been on Broadway since he was 14, but fame in Hollywood seemed to strike him differently.



S P E E D W H E E L S

HELPFUL HINT #3
WHEN BUYING A WHEEL,
REMEMBER THAT A NARROW WHEEL
[SAY ONE THAT HAS A NARROW
BEARING BOX], IS LIGHTER AND MORE
RESPONSIVE SO IT'S EASIER TO FLIP
AND MOVE AROUND. A FATTER WHEEL IS
HEAVIER, SLUGGISH, SLOW TO
RESPOND AND PROBABLY WILL BREAK
YOUR ANKLE OR SHIN, IF IT HITS YOU
THERE. JUST A HINT WHEN YOU'RE
BUYING WHEELS.



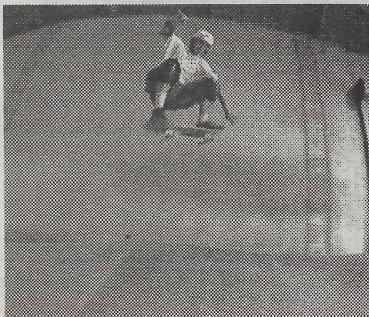
ron whaleay in the atmosphere travellin' with about two dollars and 77 cents in his pocket. phot by kobata.

CRUZ DOT EGG 43 &47
BULLET 39 PEA SHOOTERS
BULLET 44 SLINGSHOTS
BULLET 4 SQUIRTGUNS
OJ 42 GENERATORS

OJ 46 GENERATORS
SMA MUY PEQUENOS ~42
SMA PEQUENOS ~45
LEFTOVER 47MM
All White with small bearing box.



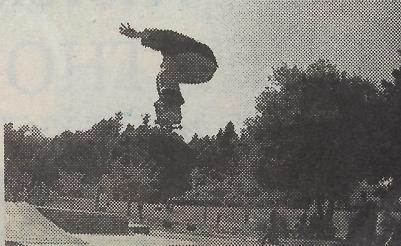
Three years after his first film, in 1948, he was treated for alcoholism. Some said it had to do with his insecurity concerning his many clandestine homosexual affairs. But whatever the cause, it turned this thoughtful, delicate actor into an inarticulate one. He soon began mixing pills, mostly depressants, with his drinks. He threw food at dinner parties, threw childish tantrums, and suffered blackouts. By the late 1950's movie studios were reluctant to cast Clift, especially since his last

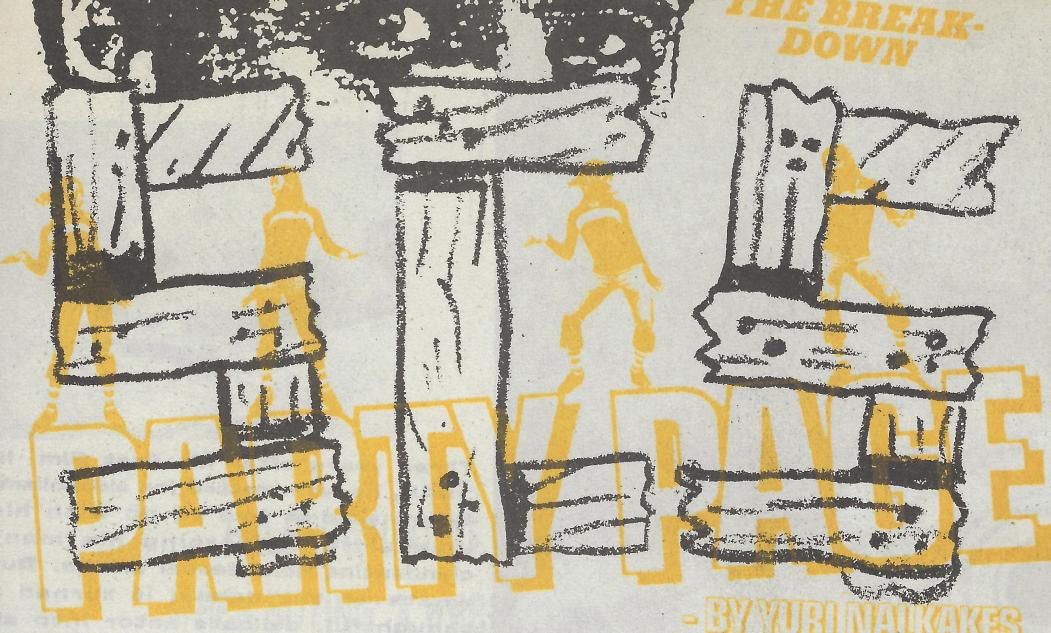


few films had not been hits. He showed up in supporting and cameos roles, but even then his long scenes would have to be chopped up because he couldn't remember all his lines for one take.

In 1968, after not working at all for four years, Clift was cast as the lead in *The Defector*. It was a B-movie spy thriller and he knew it, but he treated it as his comeback. To prove to the studios that he was a reliable star, he insisted on performing all his own stunts, including a grueling swim in the freezing Danube River, even as he was suffering from phlebitis and cataracts and was trembling.

In it the 45-year-old actor looked like an old man. He returned to New York than summer deeply depressed and drinking even more. In mid-July he saw or spoke to several of his





- BY YURI NALKAKES

What's new with Santa Cruz? Everything and nothing if you know what I mean. The tradition and outlook on skateboarding here has never changed. We had the excellence of DUANE PETERS, STEVE ALBA, STEVE OLSON, and JOHN HUTSON in the seventies and early eighties, just check

your history books, (Skateboarder Mag), for the deeds these guys got away with and you'll understand the commitment SCS has stood by for 20 years now. Today, who can call bull on a team consisting of the consistent KNOX, DRESSEN, KENDALL, ROY, BONDEROV,

MOSLEY, BOYLE, and now, CHET THOMAS? Yes, Chet quit his old team and went shopping around. What he found was that the industry elder, and leader, was the best bet for the present, and above all, the future. He has taken 1st place in the last two pro street



contests he has entered, but even if he got last, he'd still be a ruling street hellion to be sure. So say hello to 1992's best pack of riders.

AL

DRESSEN

Pissed Off Kid PICTURESICK

KNOX

Speed Kills PICTURESICK

MOSLEY

Watermelon PICTURESICK

KENDALL

Lounger PICTURESICK

CHET THOMAS

Thumbs Up PICTURESICK

SANTA CRUZ SKATES STILL GOING STRONG

SCS

SONG LIST

YOUTH BRIGADE

- "MEN IN BLUE"

NWA
- "F*CK THE POLICE"

BLACK FLAG - "POLICE STORY"

ANGELIC UPSTARTS

- "POLICE OPPRESSION"

TOXIC REASONS

- "RIOT SQUAD"

DEAD KENNEDY'S - "POLICE TRUCK"



remaining friends. He uncharacteristically emotional some later believed he was to them goodbye. He spent Friday July 22, alone in his bedroom, was not unusual. His male discovered Clift lying faceup on bed, dead, and wearing on glasses.

An autopsy revealed that the film star had suffered a heart attack. But one friend, reflecting on the last thirteen years, called it the slowest suicide in show business.

tim brauch poking a big
ollie frontside big spin.

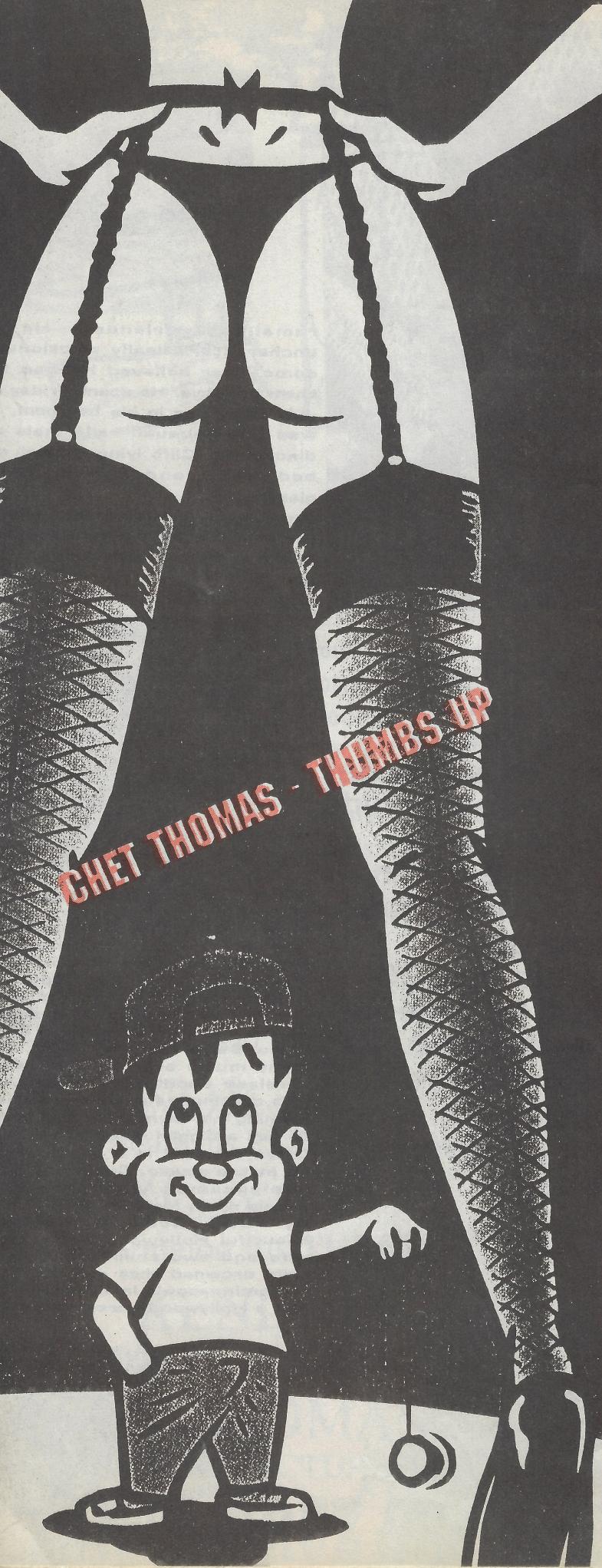


SAM COOKE
SOME OF THE greatest soul stars of the last twenty years spoke of their debt to Sam Cooke the rock 'n' roll singers talk about Holly. Cooke, the good-looking a. Chicago preacher, applied gospel training to pop music. He was one of the first black singers to score a major crossover hit with "You Send Me" in 1957. Like many music stars, Cooke was careless about his career. After his hits continued he set a precedent by forming his own publishing company to get a bigger share of the profits. Often dressed in a white shirt and tie at the studio, Cooke looked like a businessman who happened to play boogie down for a living. By 1984, Cooke was living in a beautiful Hollywood home with his wife and two children. Their son drowned that summer in a swimming pool. In October, Cooke had a Hollywood screen test a

S O scope our new beanies and ski-mask type beanies. Just in time for summer! Demand SCS Cord Pants at your near by skate den. Lil' Roaches mounting hardware is good. Plus you get a sticker when you get 'em. Can I talk about t-shirts with you? We make the biggest ones in the industry! Totaly whacked colors too. Lime green, Shark teal, Shit brown, the list goes on and on. So don't ask...demand! Racing E/S. I told you.

IN THE SHUFFLE....after five years as SCS team manager, Gavin O'Brien has quit for a dead end sales job. "I'm just a pegged-Levi's slash dog"., he was heard saying. Denike and Novak hired Jeff Kendall to take his place. Jeff's first act as team manager was the kicking off of every team rider on SCS except, of course, himself.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS



There's nothing some people hate more in this world than the little, petty squabbles about who's doin' who, or who's boards are thinner, or what kind of little kiddie graphics are more bitchin', or what town is cooler, let alone which neighborhood in what ghetto is cooler, or what color pants are better, or who's screwin' who's ol' lady, or who's tryin' to steal who from who's team, or what kinda baseball hat is in vogue this week, or who can do what trick these days and if he can't then he ain't cool enough to be anybody's friend, or too many photos of one-footed ollie things in one issue of one magazine, or clueless people who think they know everything about everything and everybody, but everybody really knows that they don't know shit, and on, and on, and on... Well. One thing in this world is for sure, you won't find any of that bunk in STRANGE NOTES. We got better things to do rather than talk shit about people behind their backs. STRANGE NOTES has got a life. Now you can get in on some real livin', some of the no holds barred, straight from the hip killer skate crap. We know that you don't need to be told what is cool, because we know that what ever you do is cool, and it's perfectly cool with us. Get off your butts, get into your pockets, or your parents pockets, and subscribe to STRANGE NOTES. You owe yourself the simple favor of cutting out the crap from your skate diet.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GOTTA DO. ON A PIECE OF PAPER WRITE DOWN YOUR HOME ADDRESS, THE NAME OF THE CITY OR TOWN, THE STATE AND THE COUNTRY YOU LIVE IN, YOUR AGE AND YOUR FAVORITE SWEAR WORD. THEN BELOW ALL OF THAT, WRITE THAT YOU ARE TIRED OF NOT GETTING STRANGE NOTES DELIVERED TO YOUR HOUSE. YOU WANT A SUBSCRIPTION, AND YOU WANT IT NOW DAMMIT! THEN YOU GET AN ENVELOPE, ADDRESS IT TO:

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SANTA CRUZ, CA. 95063, GRAB TEN BUCKS (or 15 BUCKS IF
YOU'RE THE KINDA PERSON FROM ANOTHER COUNTRY)
FROM YOUR PARENTS AND THROW IT AND THAT PIECE OF
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DALI PAINTER DUDE
FROM SPAIN WITH
ONE HELLUVA
MUSTACHE



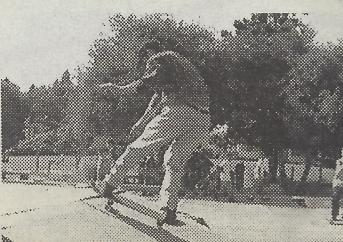
career seemed poised for another breakthrough. Then on the night of December 10, while dining at a restaurant with some friends, C. picked up a young Eurasian woman named Eliisa Boyer. He drove her to a cheap motel called the Hacienda. Bayer later told police that C. dragged her into the motel room and started ripping off her clothes. When he went into the bathroom for a moment, Boyer grabbed Cooke's pants and ran outside. Cooke ran after her, wearing only a topcoat. When he couldn't find her, he banged on the door of Bertha's



Franklin, the motel manager, who was accusing Franklin of hiding Boyer. Franklin wouldn't open the door, so Cooke went to his Ferrari and started the engine. But then he changed his mind and went back to Franklin's door. This time he kept it in the door and, Franklin said, he began hitting her. The 55 year-old woman pointed her pistol and fired three shots, one of which hit the 33-year-old singer in the chest. Police ruled the death a justified homicide.

SITTING BULL 1831 -December 15, 1890

IN AN EARLIER time Sitting Bull had been a great and prosperous Indian chief. But in the second half of the 19th century he was the last of a dying breed. His victory over General Custer at Little Big Horn in 1876 was but a glitch in the United States drive to corral the Indians onto reservations. A man



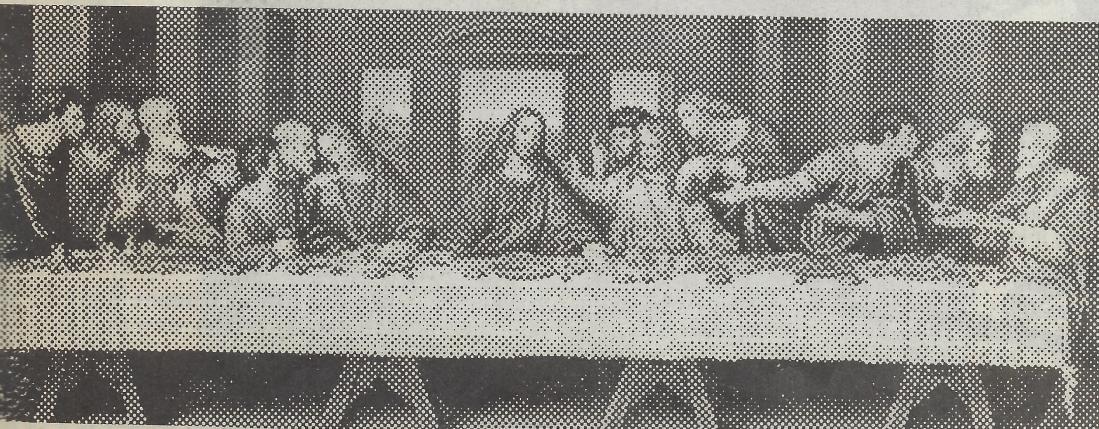
established 1972



Kendall - Lawyer



J.C. and Posse, Chillin' at the crib.

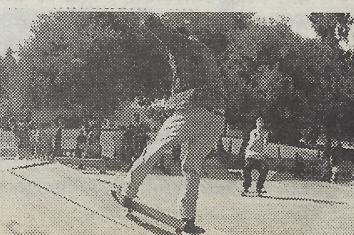


Hirata

man and never actually a chief, Sitting Bull led a dwindling number of Indians away from federal troops for five years, until finally, in 1881, he and fewer than 200 remaining followers surrendered. They were held in custody for almost two years before they were placed on the Standing Rock Reservation in South Dakota, where Sitting Bull was born. Sitting Bull, a tall, solid Indian with long, dark, braided hair, was put on parades in several cities and in 1885 he traveled with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show along the East Coast. But while he was on the reservation Sitting Bull stubbornly continued to stir up un-



Even after federal authorities prohibited the ceremony, Sitting Bull encouraged Indians to perform the Ghost Dance, which the Indians came to believe would lead to a rebellion and would bring a savior to defeat the White Man. At dawn on December 15, 1890, about five members of an Indian police force, commissioned by federal authorities, descended on Sitting Bull's cabin and arrested him. They pulled the 59-year-old naked man from his bed and ordered him to get dressed and go with them. Sitting Bull gathered his things, but it took a long time to do it, which allowed time for a restless crowd of Indians to gather outside. By the time Sitting Bull was roughly pushed out of his cabin into the freezing weather, the crowd was angry. Sitting Bull was waiting for his horse to be brought to him. But then suddenly he yelled in the Sioux language which the Indian officers, too, understood - "I am going. Do with me what you like. I am not going. Come on! Come on!"



DIESEL QUEENS

STINK!

INTERVIEW By Flacid Joe

If you've ever possessed an inordinate desire to listen to ear-splitting punk rock songs about Orchard Supply Hardware, cheese addiction or gay circus clowns, then the Diesel Queens just might be your cup of tea. If not, then this group of depraved miscreants disguised as musicians could very well be your worst nightmare come true. Teen Spirit never smelled like this...

O.K., let's get on with this thing. First of all, introduce yourselves and tell what you do in the band.

Mojo: O.K., my name is Mojo, and I'm a chump.

Brent: Brent; guitar.

Mr. Friction: Mr. Friction. I play f**k you, and uh let's see..., I fletch sperm.

Velvy: Velvy, teenage heart-throb, and complete idiot.

Steve: Steve Corona, I'm a dancer. So, can you guys tell me about the rumors that the band has broken up?

Mr. Friction: Absolutely 100% true.

Brent: We're not even here right now.

Mr. Friction: We broke up.

Velvy: My hyman got broken.

Steve: We divorced.

So why would you guys break up?

Brent: It was mostly between Mojo and Steve. Differences of opinion. Opinion of what?

Steve: Mojo wouldn't play with me cause I can't keep a beat.

Mr. Friction: Actually, the break up is a thing of the past.

Velvy: We're getting back together as a grudge match.

Mr. Friction: Even when we play on stage, we're still gonna be technically broken up!

Velvy: We want to ruin each other's credibility.

Brent: I have a really big desire to play again because I have a new game I invented. It's called "guess what I have in my pants", and it will in fact take place at our next show. Don't you think it's kind of ironic that Live-105 (San Francisco radio station) is playing your single O.S.H.?

Mr. Friction: F**k Live-105! Do you guys consider yourselves a "Rock of the 90's" kind of band now?

Velvy: What's really ironic about that is that we're really Clog-Dancing music.

Mojo: We didn't really write that song. The O.S.H. beaver did.

Mr. Friction: Well, I like to think we're more a pop amalgamation myself. I like to lump us in with bands like Material Issue, Blur, Lush and Ride. Our favorite band though is The Ocean Blue. Is it true that you're being sued by O.S.H.?

Mr. Friction: Untrue. Although we heard MTV said it's true.



Photo by Sian

Velvy: I have an unnatural attraction to Kurt Loder. Didn't you guys all start out in this band playing instruments you'd never played before?

Mr. Friction: I play hate!

Brent: I played with myself a lot before the band, and then to ween myself from that, I picked up the guitar.

Steve: I still don't know how to play. I just get up there and play air-bass.

Velvy: People should start their own bands even if they don't know how to play instruments. Start your own band and f**k shit up!

Steve: It doesn't matter how good you are, it just matters how good you look.

What are your musical influences?

Velvy: Germs, Fear, Tesco Vee.

Steve: G.G. Allin.

Brent: Elton John, Billy Joel and the Ramones.

Mr. Friction: In our music, I think you can definitely hear the Meatmen and Stiff Little Fingers.

Mojo: And a little touch of Color Me

Badd.

Mr. Friction: I'm influenced by a lot of things. I like leather implements.

Velvy: I'm amused by shiny objects.

Steve: I like rubbing people when I'm next to them.

Mr. Friction: Velvy likes Bass lures. When we go to K-Mart, his eyes get fixed on the Bass lures, and I can't get him away from the sporting-goods aisle.

So what influences your songwriting Velvy?

Velvy: Psychadelic drugs and Cub Scouts.

Brent: Vaseline.

Velvy: Working out at the gym.

Mr. Friction: Breaking a sweat with the boys.

Velvy: Dressing up like my mother.

Is that how your stage show got started? Have you always liked to dress in women's clothing?

Velvy: We play punk rock music and break shit...

Mr. Friction: And we do it in women's clothing, which makes it

all the more exciting.

Brent: It's the most manly way to do it.

Velvy: A real man feels comfortable wearing women's clothing in front of large amounts of people.

How do you guys get girls to dance on stage with you at your shows?

Mr. Friction: They're attracted to Velvy's smell.

Velvy: People love to be exhibitionists. We just found some beautiful exhibitionists.

Mr. Friction: It's that damn smell! I mean, if he didn't smell like that, I think his effect over people would be markedly less.

So what are some of your favorite smells?

Mr. Friction: My favorite smell would have to be the rear string of a nice leather cod-piece, after it has ridden up my own ass.

Brent: Mr. Friction after a rough night!

Velvy: My favorite smells have got to be Summer's Eve, and human body odors.

Mr. Friction: Of which you procure many!

Velvy: And flatulence is up there with Summer's Eve.

Brent: Wait, you have to mention that you haven't been able to find a deodorant that has been able to withstand you.

Velvy: I haven't. Deodorants will not block my odors.

Mr. Friction: One odor I really like, that I did want to add, is rancid pork.

Steve: My favorite smell is Black butt. And beyond that, I can't think of anything more to jack-off to.

Mojo: My favorite smell has got to be strong urine odor. Didn't Velvy used to put out a porno skate 'zine?

Velvy: Yeah, it was called Bungi. Thrasher voted it the most offensive around. They say you have to try really hard to be offensive these days, and the band is just an extension of that.

Steve: An extension of your cock?

Mr. Friction: We'll take on any skater in a fight.

Are the Diesel Queens gonna release anything new in the future?

Velvy: I'm gonna release some gas in a minute.

No, I'm talking about songs.

Steve: He was talking about a song!

Velvy: Manson Family Feud.

Brent: Post Handjob Blues.

Mr. Friction: My Balls Have Been Splitten, that's a good one.

Velvy, is that a peice of poo on your face?

Velvy: It does have a little corn in it.

What would you consider the Diesel Queen's most infamous act?

Brent: There was the Asian paper boy...

Mr. Friction: Oh, I forgot about him!

Brent: What about the Mexican lady that Velvy dry humped on stage when he forgot the words to a song? I've heard you guys are really into cheese.

Brent: I order it wholesale for the band because I have a resale license.

Velvy: You can never have too much cheese.

Steve: Brent's the supplier of our high cholesterol diets.

Velvy: My favorite cheese is anything white.

Brent: Yeah, Velvy's a real Nazi about his cheese. Mr. Friction likes cheese only from male cows. Steve prefers Frumunda Cheese, and Mojo likes any kind of fondu. Myself, I'm pretty open minded about cheeses. I've been eating cheese so long my system is used to it. It no longer clogs me.

Is it true that you were all once priests, and that's how you met?

Mr. Friction: That's all bullshit!

Velvy: Tell Kurt Loder to quit talkin' shit!

Where do you see the band five years from now?

Brent: Broken up.

Velvy: We're losers, so we'll probably still be doing it.

Mojo: Las Vegas!

Would you like to leave our readers with any last words of advice?

Velvy: If you're a child, start smoking. People may tell you smoking's not cool, but it is.

Mr. Friction: We voluntarily endorse Camel cigarettes.

Steve: Say your prayers before you go to bed.

Mr. Friction: If you see a cop on the street, f**kin' shoot him with his own gun.

Velvy: Have sex, drink booze, and take drugs.

Mr. Friction: Sodomize goats.

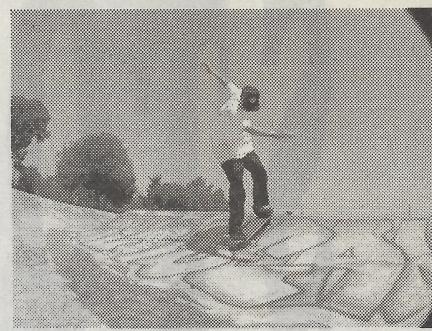
Brent: Always wash behind your penis.

**Contact the Diesel
Queens : P.O. Box 8056
San Jose, CA 95155**

WHEN
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GETS
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TOUGH
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KILLER
SKATER
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SANTA CRUZ CLOTHING



action! Let's go!" Another leader of unrest on the reservation, Catch the Bear, pulled out a gun and fired at the top Indian officer. Lieutenant Bullhead was hit in the leg and as he fell he fired at Sitting Bull, shooting him in his left side. Another officer also shot the Indian leader, killing him instantly. The gun battle escalated, and when it was over fourteen men were dead, all Sioux, including six Indian police officers. Hundreds of others fled the reservation. Most were soon caught

**ATTILA THE HUN
406-453**



Jordanes, the 8th-century historian, described the barbaric Huns this way: "They made their foes flee in horror because their swarthy aspect was fearful, and they had . . . a shapeless lump instead of a head, with pinholes rather than eyes." He summed up Attila, King of the Huns, like this: "He was short of stature, with a broad chest and a large head; his eyes were small, his beard was thin and sprinkled with gray. He had a flat nose and a swarthy complexion, revealing his origin."

Attila, whose name meant "Little Father," and his tribe could neither read nor write, but by the middle of the 5th century they had conquered their way from the plains of Mongolia to the threshold of the fallen Roman Empire. Based in what is now Hungary, with an army of 500,000 men, Attila massacred entire towns, disrupting commerce routes for centuries to come. The leaders of Western empires paid him hundreds of



STOP A KILLER

AIDS IS A KILLER. IT'S KILLING OFF OUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY WITH NO DISCRETION WHATSOEVER. SORT OF LIKE THE BLOB. IT'S A PECULIAR DISEASE THAT DOES NOT DISCRIMINATE. TODAY IT'S YOUR FAVORITE ATHLETE, TOMORROW IT'S YOUR FAVORITE GUITARIST, OR SINGER, THEN IT'S A RELATIVE OF YOUR BEST FRIEND. IT SOMEHOW ALWAYS SEEMS DISTANT, WHERE IT DOESN'T CONCERN YOU THE INDIVIDUAL, BUT IT IS GETTING TO BE MORE AND MORE NOT SO. SOON IT'S A GOOD FRIEND OF YOURS, THEN IT'S ONE OF YOUR RELATIVES, UNTIL IT'S JUST THE GUY DOWN THE BLOCK. YOU CAN'T GET AIDS FROM KISSING, EVEN DEEP KISSING. YOU CAN'T GET IT FROM A MOSQUITO BITE OR FROM A TOILET SEAT. YOU CAN'T GET IT FROM FOOD PREPARED BY ANYBODY WHO HAS IT, OR FROM SHAKING HANDS OR HUGGING ANYBODY WHO HAS IT. YOU CAN'T GET IT FROM DRINKING GLASSES, CIGARETTES OR HATS OR SHOES OR CLOTHING. YOU CAN GET IT FROM SHARING NEEDLES, UNPROTECTED SEX, ORAL COPULATION, SODOMY, AND UNSTERILIZED DENTAL EQUIPMENT (NOT JUST THE OPERATING TIP, BUT THE HANDLE THAT HOLDS IT. MANY DENTISTS DO NOT OFTEN STERILIZE THESE PARTS). YOU CAN GET IT FROM OPEN WOUND CONTACT FROM AN INFECTED PERSON TO A WOUND OF AN UNINFECTED PERSON, BLOOD TO BLOOD. YOU CAN GET IT FROM BODILY FLUIDS SUCH AS SEXUAL SECRETIONS, SEMEN, BLOOD AND MOTHERS MILK. THOUGH THERE'S NOT ENOUGH IN SALIVA TO INFECT. THERE'S NO CURE FOR THIS DISEASE. IF YOU HAPPENED TO GET THIS DISEASE, YOU'D WISH LIKE HELL THERE WAS A CURE. THERE WAS MORE MONEY SPENT ON THE WELCOME HOME PARADE FOR DESERT STORM THAN THERE HAS BEEN ALLOCATED TO AIDS RESEARCH BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT TO DATE. DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS BEFORE IT LANDS ON YOUR DOORSTEP. NO ONE IS IMMUNE TO THIS DISEASE, SO DON'T THINK THAT ONLY BASKETBALL PLAYERS CAN BE HIV POSITIVE. AND FOR ALL OF YOU SKEPTICS WHO THINK YOU'LL NEVER GET IT AND IT DON'T CONCERN YOU, WELL, 'THE WORLD AIN'T FLAT EITHER'. FOR MORE INFORMATION, CALL YOUR LOCAL AIDS FOUNDATION, MOST CITIES AND TOWNS HAVE 'EM.

A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE BROUGHT TO YOU BY STRANGE NOTES.
WE CARE ABOUT YOU, SO WHY NOT STICK AROUND?

GET THE MESSAGE.

POWER CHORDS

IF IT ISN'T TRUE THAN YOU CAN SHOVE IT IF YOU LIKE. THE SAN JOSE ROCK AND ROLL SCENE IS LIKELY TO PUT SEATTLE TO SHAME IN THE BALLSY AND BRAVNIER DEPARTMENT. STEVE CABALLERO HAS GATHERED AN ABLE CREW FOR A TOUGH AND READY ENSEMBLE NAMED 'SHOVELHEAD', WHO BY THE WAY JUST RECENTLY TRAVELED TO PHOENIX ARIZONA TO SUPPORT A SHOW WITH, 'DRUNK INJUNS' THE BAND THAT JUST WON'T DIE. THE INJUNS REPORTEDLY ARE PLAYING A SERIES OF SHOWS IN THEIR NATIVE HAUNTS, WITH A DATE IN SAN FRANCISCO SUPPORTING 'SISTER DOUBLE HAPPINESS', AND A GIANT HOMECOMING REUNION SHOW IN SAN JOSE AT CLUB F/X ON AUGUST 23, WITH 'THE BONESHAVER'. ANOTHER GROUP TO KEEP A WATCHFUL EYE OUT FOR IS 'CAJONES', THIS POWER PACKED QUARTET CONTINUES TO TURN HEADS. THEY ARE RUMOURED TO BE ACCOMPANYING IGGY POP ON HIS REUNION TOUR WITH THE ORIGINAL STOOGES. 'THE CADILLAC TRAMPS' ARE ABOUT TO TOUR AGAIN ACROSS THE GREAT NORTHWEST AND ALL POINTS DUE EAST, SO KEEP A LISTENIN' FOR THEM GUYS. UNTIL NEXT TIME, PUNCH A POWER CHORD.



NEWEST SCS SIGNEE, CHET THOMAS, IS INJURED AGAIN. HE TWEAKED AN ANKLE WHILE FILMING THE NEW STRANGE NOTES VIDEO. RUSS POPE USED TO WORK FOR EPPIC.

1. Put shaving cream on the ear part of the phone, then yell out to a friend or foe that he has a phone call.
2. Tear all the labels off the canned foods.
3. Switch the sugar & salt in the containers.
4. Find the poer box outside & throw the switch.
5. Leave your chewed gum on a toothbrush in the bathroom.
6. Put shoes under your hosts mattress. He or she will wake up with a wrenched back.

"Nobody crossed him without a battle. He disliked almost everything, particularly his wife, his children, his neighbors, his church, his priest, his town, his state, his country, and the country from which he emigrated. Nor did he give a damn for the world either, or the sun, or the stars, or the universe, or heaven or hell. But he liked women."

from 'Brotherhood of the Grape'- a novel by John Fante

WHICH MAJOR SKATE MANUFAC-
TURED THE ENTIRE SKATEWORLDS?
FORGIVENESS?
BEGS THE ENTIRE SKATEWORLDS AND
THE WORLD FINDS THE WORLD AND

BOB LARSON QUOTE: "It wasn't the Lord that trapped you.... it was the devil!"

axes



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